

Gretchen

"Time on my Hans!" she blurted when the huge mantel clock fell on boyfriend him.

*Allied Fire Insurance* it advertised in metal script above wrought-iron roses.

Anyway, she couldn't think of word clock in the emergency.

Oh well, yet another of her unconscious puns.

She made them and the rest of us went nuts, dancing and singing.

This occasion: to *Time On My Hands*.

Except Budgee. She helped her get the clock off him.

"I'm not clever," insisted she again. This time to the busy dancers. "But I make everybody crazy!"

One thing she was, beautiful,

Acknowledged by all, youthful sacrilegious celebration unnecessary.